## 

By KATHLEEN MATHEW.

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PART I.

Duty vs. Justice. Midnight rang out from the belfry of St. Sebastian's Catholic church, the most fash- first in weeks-shot through his mind. ionable church of that denomination in New

York City. It was a hot, oppressive August night. awful humidity from the atmosphere.

pastor and his two domestics, an old house- | decision? keeper and a man servant, had, in accord-

night, or seeming to do so.

once seen it, because of something strangely prophetic in the eyes,

This something it is hard to define, but most people have felt it at times There are eyes with nothing behind them

You feel that tomorrow they will go out

But these other eyes, the prophetic ones, seem to foretell an immortal futurity, here or in other worlds. Who knows? Only, with or without reason, you feel sure that somewhere, forever, they will continue to see Father d'Arcy's eyes were of this order. In color they were gray and deep set, with heavy dark brows and lashes. The nose was straight and strong, with clean-cut nostrils. The mouth, large and full, might have been sensuous, had not years of ascetic training drawn and changed its lines. The head was superbly shaped and built on the shoulders. It was covered with heavy masses of dark curling hair, worn close cropped almost to tonsorial severity.

But any one who could have gazed into the young priest's face on this particular night would have noticed nothing but its expression, which denoted intense mental agony. Horror, fear, resolve, doubt, despair, an swept over the features in turn. On chased the other but to return again, like the spokes of an ever-revolving wheel.

Two months before Henry Arthur d'Arc; had completed his long clerical course, and amidst the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic church had been solemnly ordained a priest.

On the day of his ordination, as he lay prostrate at the foot of the altar before uttering the last vows of consecration, what hopes, ambitions and resolutions were reflected on the camera of his mind! The good he would do! The wonders he

would accomplish in the world. Like another Savonarola he would wage war against the superstition that made a serfdom of God's service.

Single-handed and alone he would sweet from the eyes of the multitude the cobwebs of credulity which impeded their progress. He had found the light, and he wanted all the world to enter into the grand curve of its orbit. And perhapssome day-involuntarily his eyes wandered to the episcopal throne, where his grace the archbishop sat in mitred and regal dignity.



FA' D'ARCY ADVANCED AND DROPPED

appointed to the curacy of St. Sebastian's He had entered on his duties there with

the young priest

This change dated from a Saturday aftertook his seat in the confessional, to exercise the enormous power of his ministry to hold or retain the sins of his fellow

courage and sanctity of a young Ignatius, the confessional and sent word that he would hear no more confessions that afternoon. From that moment he was an altered man. He grew stlent and performed his priestly duties with a dull apathy, strangely contrary to his former ardor.

ever yet told. It looked as if it had lived through the was born to sorrow as the sparks fly up-

for two long months had racked the bear on the awful problem which was cre-

Two o'clock struck, and then 3, into the room and gave form and palpa-

the ebony crucifix over the mantel. Did he know of the agony in his disciple's heart? Perhaps, but he gave no On the wall over the bed Guido's beautiful Madonna looked eternally upward, with her heart--broken, tear-filled

priest looked up and into those eyes. "If they would but look down into mine they might give me coun- suite on board the steamship Campania, as sel, tell me how to act, whether to keep he was to be accompanied on the trip by his still, and true to my oath of eternal silence wife, a very charming woman and a very and perhaps go mad beneath the burden of prominent member of New York's exclusive my secret. Or would they counsel me to set

see justice ride triumphant through dark

Perhaps the Virgin understood. he woman in her throbbed to his suffering, for presently a gleam of light—the tor thought of putting up the big red hotel.

Why not go and seek counsel of higher powers in this dark hour of struggle and un-certainty? Why not seek out his bishop, a both in and out of season, should be served The air was heavy with electricity that man of ripe experience, most noble char- up to his guests. would not burst and aweep some of the acter and cool, righteous judgment? Why The evening set for this dinner was Friawful humidity from the atmosphere.

No sooner had this idea presented itself to ance with their usual custom, gone to bed Father d'Arcy than he resolved to act on it, and intimate friends of the hest quite early.

For the first time in many weeks he seemed There was his lawyer, Mr. But Father d'Arcy, the young curate, still to have grasped a something he could lean Brown, a man about Van Doran's own age, sat at his study window, looking out at the on. He wondered that he had not thought of and a shining luminary in the legal world of New York.

He was a very handsome man, with the O, the relief at reaching a decision after transacted all the legal business of the Van sion, and the position it occupies in the kind of face that men trust and women fove, such a fong, miserable period of mental un- Doran banking house, and was consequently

Doran gave a stag dinner to six of his most the hand of welcome when you kick and acream your little person onto this gay As his handsome home on Flith avenue old earth. And all through your days his was practically shut up and enveloped in solicitous care helps you to fight the ills its annual gauge draperies and summer that flesh is heir to. Many a time, when silence, he decided to give this dinner at other worlds seem perilously near, when Delmonico's, in one of the private dining the great something which is the beyond rooms upstairs. His wife had suggested the Waldorf, but the doctor, single handed, baffles its desire Van Doran, like a great many other New and coaxes you back to the 'here' that we Yorkers of his age and set, preferred dear know, so much more comfortable for most old Del's, where he and his chums had of us than the 'there' that we know nothing of. And the confidences! O! but these are confidences, the things we sometimes merrily wined and dined long before an As-If the way of the transgressor is So Delmonico got the order, which consisted of two words, "carte blanche," with hard, what is it to that of the faithless, erring wife, who is compelled to confide to her physician that which she scarce dares whisper to her God? Up to this time Father d'Arcy, though he

had listened with deep interest to the clever arguments of both his friends, had taken no part in the discussion. Now, raising his eyes, calm and dark, The invitations were limited to six old like pools so deep that no emotion in their depths can ever reach the surface, he said

as he looked around the table at his fellow guests: As a Catholic priest, gentlemen, I feel For many years he had compelled to put in a plea for my profes-

> But first let me state that I thoroughly appreciate the clever arguments advanced by my two friends. Between them it is

family, which is the foundation of all so-

difficult to decide. To my mind the one vocation is as essential and intimate in the particular connection which we are discussing as the other and both are indispensable. But there is a calling that is nearer than either, more intimate than both, and it is that of the Catholic priest, when in his sacerdotal capacity he enters the family, for then he makes his entree as the representative of Christ. To the believing Catholic, he holds in his hand the omnipotent powers of a God, not the least of which is the power to hold or retain the sins of his fellow man.

My esteemed friend, Dr. Bloomfield Hunter, told us just now of the solemn secrets of which the physician's ear oftentimes becomes the receptacle. Pain, that mighty leveler, wrings from its writhing victim the story of his or her frailty. Ah, the usurer, who trades in sweet, forbidden fruits, gets his interest back ten thousand fold-ten thousand fold.

But there are sine, black crimes and omissions that leave no outward scar. After years of commission and revelry therein the eye gleams as bright and sparkling, the lip is still carmine and humid and the blood still bounds with joyous, healthful splurge from heart to lung. Here the aid of the physician can well be

dispensed with. No need is there to pour humiliating confession in his ear. But the privilege of exercising his curative power in soul is black with the leprosy of sin. To the believing Catholic there exists but the Van Doran household, where he was

one way in which it can be cleansed. The sin-steeped soul must be saved and purified Then there was Rev. Arthur d'Arcy, paslike himself than he had done for a long tor of St. Sebastian's Catholic church, of again by the holy sacrament of penitence. Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forwhich Mr. Van Doran was an honored memgiven, whose sins ye shall retain they are Twenty years have elapsed since that hot retained." In the solemn tribunal of the confessional August night when we first made Father

might make him change his intention and they had left more than average trace on there as the fleshly representative of Christ, whose mouthpiece he becomes when Though still in the prime of manhood his he pronounces the mighty words, "abhair was almost silver white. But this pe- solve." etc. Imagine then, my friends, the magnitude cultarity only served as an admirable foil

to the dark gray eyes with their heavy black and the multitude of the terrible confidences brows and lashes. These eyes were like two which pass each day through that middle white stone residence on Madison avenue heavily charged magnetic batteries, which man, the priest, to the ear of the all-suffering Christ. There is no dissimulation in the confestouched. But it was only on rare occasions

> his all-merciful God. Gentlemen, I shall now tell you the story Men said Father d'Arcy looked a disappointed man. Women said he looked interof my first penitent. It is the one episode of my life which in

> Twice every Sunday they flocked to his all the worlds to come I believe I shall never forget. church and sat enthralled beneath the influence of an intense personality and a superb He poured into my ear the particulars of delivery, as the fearless man of God pro-claimed from the pulpit his views on all and appalling in the unnatural and treacherous circumstances of its committal that for Those views, if at times declared un- weeks after I had heard it I suffered the

orthodox by narrower minds, rang true as agonies of the damned. In fact, I was on they touched the target of the hearer's mind the eve of leaving the church in order to be with the steel-bright arrow of conviction. It had been rumored at times that Father so terrible that my solemn oath and duty d'Arcy was not as popular as might be with as a priest should prevent me from deliverthe higher powers of his cloth, owing to the ing to justice the perpetrator of so horextreme liberality of his views and the fear- rible a murder. less candor with which he gave voice to For days and weeks an awful struggle went on in my soul between my binding There are certain characters that inspire duty of silence as the minister of God, and within the narrow confines of the town

intense feelings in all who come in contact what I believed to be my duty as a man itself, which is compressed into a very limwith them. Owing to an indefinable some- to the state. There were times when I althing in their nature, one must either hate most resolved to leave the church and give or love them. They permit none of that the man up to justice. Finally, one hot harbor, live over 20,000 souls. The prinmawkish middle feeling, which we so gen- August night, when almost on the verge of cipal house portion of the town consists of erously bestow on mankind at large, and insanity from the agony of the prolonged well constructed—so far as the walls gowhich, during the penitential season, actu- mental struggle, as I sat at my window double-storied buildings, with now and then ates benevolent sewing societies to make feverishly turning the thing over and over one rising to three floors. In the more

inlucky individuals. He nad bitter enemies without mentioning names or betraying con- an entire family-and more-eke People always spoke enthusiastically of fidences, explain all to him.

"Shift the responsibility of decision from your young, inexperienced soul to the calm, vited to Mr. Van Doran's dinner d'au revoir clear judgment and ripe experience of his." were all old and intimate friends he had Obey him-that is all.

At 8 o'clock on the evening appointed the and in a long private interview I explained stores, on the second floor. A town residence six guests assembled in the private room at everything to him, dwelling particularly on with a front yard is unknown, and the only Delmonico's, where dinner was to be served. the great temptation and desire which seemed bits of green to be seen are in the gardens Their host was not there to receive them, urging me on to expose the criminal.

but, as he was going abroad the next day, they could readily understand that some important business had unavoidably detained secrated priest of God. That duty bound more prosperous merchants. me solemnly to keep forever the secret of The dinner table, which was a round one, the confessional. Should I break my vow of silence, that moment I fell from the high districts of the province. In the town It presented a very dazzling and inviting estate of God's ministry and would be ex- proper, however, the population is 15,000 or appearance, with its load of silver, crystal communicated from the membership of the a little over, though, by including the viland snow-white damask, and it was prochurch. fusely and tastefully decorated with flowers.

has said, 'Justice is mine.' "

Doran had not yet appeared. However, as all those present were well acquainted, and had many interests in common, none life I thank God that I did so. But when it struck 9 certain yearning glances toward the door proved that some host, appeared on the threshold. As he stood island is the possibility of extension of the of them had suddenly begun to discover a void in certain parts of their anatomy. Just then Mr. Smythe Brown, the legal light of the party, proposed that they should sit down and begin on the oysters, as it was evident that some unavoidable business had detained their host, who would world.

passed around the table and warmly grasped marshes so common to the coast. onded by the other gentlemen and very soon the wee fish were being joyously and and wrung each proffered hand, meanwhile ielay in joining them.

were delicate and briny, and with the aid of the preparatory cocktail, they gave a The ball was wittily tossed from one was Father d'Arcy's first penitent."

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cenes and Characteristics of San which he represented, from the fact of the confidences which it necessitated, got Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez. nearer to the family hearthstone than any copulation, and also as regards the conhe explained how often the husband and father is compelled to reveal to his lawyer gested condition of its populace, writes a correspondent of Harper's Weekly. It boasts about 12,000, and it is said that there is a governor general, the principal military, than in any other town. lined to agree with the lawyer, when Dr. naval and high civil functionaries, the finest public buildings, and there have been ap- the same visible evidence of poverty in the ing man. Bloomfield Hunter began to plead the cause

friend that the law, as a profession, was very closely interwoven with the interests other city. of the family, but at the same time he thought he was justified in asserting that the family doctor's position placed him on a still more intimate footing in the house<u>DE CONTRACION DE CONTRACION D</u> A Game With a King. A Kingdom for the Winning.

This is the Striking Mo-tif of a Brilliant New Serial Story entitled;

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## Modern Mercenary

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The players of this Game with a King, the prize of which is the winning of a kingdom, are Count Sagan, a gruff, unscrupulous, reckless giant, the commander of the guards of Maasau. He plays as a tool in the hands of Selpdorf, Chancellor to the King, the "man of the hour." And behind these two, old Major Counsellor, representing England, the shrewdest diplomat of Europe, and Baron von Elmer of Germany, play the intricate keys of diplomacy. The King of Maasau, who is weak, wornout and suspicious, is a mere puppet in the hands of these master players. The pawns of the game are John Rallywood, the Modern Mercenary, a straight back, fearless young Englishman who fights a duel as cheerfully as he makes love to a nobleman's daughter; Valeria, the heroine, and the Countess Sagan, who loves the hero and appears as Valeria's bitter rival. All this takes place in the independent state of Maasau, which is so small that it is hardly noticeable even on the largest sized map of Europe.

The Omaha Sunday Bee, READ IT!

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Morro and San Cristobal. The population of the city and suburbs i estimated at about 30,000 and probably ited space between the great forts on the seaward side and the battlements of the all over the town in an hour) the houses existence in the semi-darkness of the onewindowed, ill-ventilated apartment. The live outside the city, in the pretty little suburban towns of Bayamon, San Turce of the governor general's palace, the Casa

Ponce claims, by its last census, a population of 49,000 people in its urban and rural lages of Cantera, Canas and Playa, which miles away, the number may be raised to Gentlemen, I obeyed, and every day of my 24.500, or quite as many people as in San

Juan proper.

There are three hospitals, including the apologizing profusely for his unavoidable military; a home for the indigent poor; few fair schools; several clubs, at which Finally he reached Father d'Arcy's chair, Americans are very graciously received; a which was beside his own, and throwing his very pretty little theater; several hotels and arm with affectionate abandon around the cases, which are the best on the island; priest's shoulders, he said: "You will for- library, with a few rare books and many give me, father, I know you will, for you worthless ones; gas, electric light, and ice have forgiven me many things. Gentlemen, plants-all too small and defective; water works, supplying an abundance of good potable water; thermal baths, of which few seem to avail themselves; and, lastly, the only Protestant church in Porto Rico. Mayaguez is the prettlest town of th

three large centers, in the lightness and grace of its architecture, which in Spanish It also San Juan, as the seat of the island govern- has the broadest streets and the widest foot ment, has always been the leading city in pavements, and is situated upon rounded rising ground, which will permit of easy The population is estimated at naturally, as the part home of the Spanish greater percentage of white inhabitants elsewhere; a few centavos a day, where the There is not, in the town of Mayaguez,

are less distress and want; there are cercian is the first person to extend to you guarded on the north and east by the pic- from their foriorn sea homes to Porto Rico, ing. In exportation of this product it is and lung troubles.

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AND NOTIONS. in the hope that it holds out more material

which reach almost to the city's edge, de-

second only to Ponce. This town also leads promise. Also, the great coffee districts, in the shipment of fruit abroad, principally

mand laborers for longer periods of the year, and lastly, the rate of wages has been, for the past few years, slightly higher than wage is low, means a marvelous amelioration in the condition of the labor-

While Mayaguez ranks third commercially, and suppplies very little territory with imported merchandies, industrially or in the manufacturing of products it leads the other cities and gives steady employment to many men. There are four big coffee mills, which convert the sun-dried coffee, brought over the trails from Mayaguez, Utuado and

ON ONE KNEE BEFORE HIS SUPERIOR

man, with a power-loving and powerful na-

much ardor and enthusiasm. But before one week had seen him at his post an extraordinary change took place in

noon in June, when for the first time he He had entered the tribunal with the

but after having heard the confession of his first penitent he had immediately left

On this hot August night, as he sat at his window looking out with unseeing gaze, could the brush of some artist have seized the expression on his face, that painter's fame and fortune were assured. In it lay a drama such as no Hugo or Lardon has

tragedy of each human life, "since man ward," and each had left its trace, not in scar or wrinkle, but in the fathomless agony of the eyes and tensity of the lines around the mouth. For the monotonous agony of mind which

young priest there seemed to be no respite. Day and night the same thoughts were al- stands, his luck is proverbial. His every ways recurring and giving birth to the surmise seems an inspiration. Everything same arguments. A certain anathetic heaviness seemed to hang around his brain, paralyzing it to all ideas that did that ating a schism in his mind between duty and justice.

presently a sickly gray dawn light stole so much prominence and prosperity. bility to the objects it touched.

The Man of Sorrows looked down from eyes. As the light grew stronger the young

scatter yows of hely church to the winds and The evening before sailing Mr. Van

In the rectory adjoining the church the woof of duty and justice, and abide by his Dorans sailed on the Campania the follow-

going to the archbishop before.

The kind of face that haunts one who has rest and uncertainty; the comfort of sharing on terms of great intimacy with its head.



"GENTLEMEN, I WAS FR. D'ARCY'S FIRST PENITENT."

treated as a tried and trusted friend.

the countenance of this remarkable man.

souls as the wind sways fields of corn.

matters pertaining to church and state.

esting, which was certainly true.

chest protectors for the Zulus.

im-one way or the other.

stood in the center of the room.

The remaining gentlemen who were in-

Half-past eight arrived, and Mr. Van

of them seemed bored at the delay.

probably arrive in the meantime.

appreciatively discussed.

brilliant and entertaining.

the family.

This suggestion was unanimously sec-

Though late in the season, the oysters

funful flip to the conversation, which grew

tongue tip to the other, but finally some-thing led up to the discussion of the re-

lation borne by the different professions to

The lawyer, Mr. Smythe Brown, whose

opinion on most matters carried great

of the others. As a proof of his argument

certain matters which he strenuously con-

Some of the gentlemen present were in-

He said he quite agreed with his legal

ceals from wife and children.

of the medical profession.

weight, seemed to think that the profession

and stanch friends.

known for years.

ber and generous benefactor.

primate friends.

ing day at noon.

the burdening responsibility with other Another of the guests was Dr. Bloomfield Hunter, who had long had the

strong shoulders! Already he felt better. He undressed and went to bed and was soon sound asleep. When he awoke it was 8 o'clock. He felt refreshed and courageous and much more time. Four hours' heavy sleep had done

He immediately remembered his resolve of the previous night, and he determined to act on it at once, for he feared some impulse d'Arcy's acquaintance, and in their passage the priest as a man exists no longer. He is pursue, instead, on his own responsibility, one or other of the courses he had so often almost decided on during the mental torture of the last two weeks.

Twenty years ago the Catholic archbishop of New York did not occupy the handsome and Fiftleth street, where that dignitary flashed powerful currents through all they now resides, to the rear of St. Patrick's

that their owner turned on the full flow of sion as it flows from the remorse-wrung their magnetism, and then he swayed men's soul of the repentant sinner to the ear of out comfortable and commodious bishopric. The archbishop was a tall, dignified, but snow-white hair, and very penetrating dark eyes that invariably gave one the impression of reading him through and through. People rarely lied to his grace, owing to the tradition that it was useless to do so,

He was a profound scholar, knew all the languages, living and dead, and moreover had the reputation of being more liberal in matters pertaining to church and state than most of his brethren. When Father d'Arcy was announced he

had just finished breakfast, and was scanning the morning papers. He was rather surprised at this matutinal visit from the young pricet, but his ready penetrative powers, sharpened by long and constant practice, at once told him that the business which had brought him there was

of more than ordinary importance. Father d'Arcy advanced and dropped on ne knee before his superior, and respectfully kissed the episcopal ring, a large and nagnificent ruby, the gift of his holiness, the pope, which the bishop always wore on the third finger of his left hand, at the

ame time asking a blessing and the privilege of a private interview. 'My son, both are readily accorded," said

his grace, and rising slowly he led the way into his private sanctum. After they had been closeted together about ten minutes the archbishop touched the bell beside his chair. It was immedi-Immediately after his ordination he was ately answered by his private secretary, the only member of the household who had the privilege of approaching his grace in his

private quarters. 'George," said the bishop, "it is now 9 o'clock. For the next two hours I dosire to be entirely undisturbed. Say to all inquirers that I am engaged on important

matters, and must not be interrupted." George bowed respectfully and left the room, carefully closing the door after him. "Now, my son, continue your story," said the bishop, fixing his penetrating eyes on the pale, agitated face of the priest. ceal nothing of the mental struggle through which it has been His will that you should Then, in the capacity of your unworthy superior, I will counsel you what

course to pursue.' "However faulty this advice may seem to remember that your vow of obedience obliged you, in the interests of our holy mother, the church, to submit to the dictates of those in whom she has vested the episcopal power. Obedience is the noblest and first duty of a priest. In fulfilling it

all further responsibility is swept from your soul. Two hours later Father d'Arcy walked up the avenue toward St. Sebastian's church with the lithe, swinging, upright gait of one

who has suddenly thrown off a great load. PART II.

Twenty Years Later-Delmonico's at

Eight. That the world has gone well with Arthur Van Doran, banker, none can deny. In Wall street, where his banking house he touches turns into gold. Those who know him well say that the integrity of his character can only be equalled by the phenomenal success of his enterprises. And, strange to say, he has no enemies, which is a highly exceptional state of affairs with a man who, by his own labors, has attained

He is adored by his employes, for his success is proportionately theirs. All the men in New York best worth knowing are his friends and to a man they speak of Van Doran as the prince of good

fellows. A year ago, in the spring of 1895, Mr. Van Doran made up his mind to go abroad for three months and knock leisurely about Europe, returning in August to Newport where he owns a superb country home. the voyage he engaged the handsomest deck

turesque, antiquated and massive forts

again in my mind, a divine inspiration squalld portions of the city (one can walk Father d'Arcy was one of those lucky or touched my soul with its balm.

Father d'Arcy was one of those lucky or touched my soul with its balm.

It said: "Why not go to your bishop, and are but a story high, and in a single room are online family—and more—eke out are

storekeepers and business men who do no Next morning I hastened to the bishop and Rio Piedras, usually live over their After hearing all the bishop told me, there Blanca, or in the inner courtyards, measurcould be no release from my duty as the con- ing a few square yards, of some of the

In conclusion the bishop said to me: are closely connected together, and lie on Leave the sinner in the hands of Him who the highway leading to the water front two

Just then the dining room door swung An important factor to men contemplating open and Mr. Van Doran, the long-detained a permanent residence in some town on the there a moment, beaming on his guests, he corporate limits. Ponce has none of the presented a picture of perfect manhood. Six natural barriers to expansion existing at feet, broad shouldered and magnificently San Juan, as it is built upon a level surface built, handsome, well groomed and well pre- under the edges of the rolling foothills and served, he looked just what he was the at a considerable elevation above the sea. prosperous, happy, contented man of the It can grow readily in almost any direction with equal facility, and it has not at its Hastening toward his old friends, he threshold and of the miasmatic, fetid

towns is apt to be very heavy.

propriated and expended more moneys for hordes of ragged, tattered natives upon the general local improvements than in any streets, and the citizens claim that there It has undoubtedly the best harbor on tainly, in the outskirts, fewer huts and the island, in that it is completely land- hovels of the poor. This can be explained, locked, though at present it is sadly in need to some extent, by the fact that Mayaguez of dredging, so that ships may have suffi- is off the main artery of travel, and does cient depth of water and room to maneuver not as readily catch the negroes from the n the basin. The city is entirely circum- little islands of the Lesser Antilles, who Lares districts, into a fine export article by

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to the United States. Hard on the Doctor.

Hard on the Doctor.

Dr. Nedley, who has just died in Dublin, was one of the last of the mid-century Irish wits. The stories told by and about him are innumerable. One he used to tell against finiself apropos of his own medical officership of the Dublin Matropolitan police. One Sunday afternoon a crowd was standing outside a public house before the psychological moment arrived. Dr. Nedley approached, was recognized by some of the crowd, which opened out to let him pass, one of them remarking: "Let the doctor pass, boys: sure he has kill more polls than all the Invincibles put together."

W. M. Gallagher of Bryan, Pa., says: "For forty years I have tried various cough medi-cines. One Minute Cough Cure is best of all." "You see, gentlemen," said he, "your physi- valleted by an immense sea-wall, and are each year drifting in greater numbers removing the second hull, bluing and polish. It relieves instantly and cures all throat